

## The Kings of Hawkins High by Memessavedme

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## **The Kings of Hawkins High**

It was dumb, so ridiculously stupid that if they didn't do it they would regret it for the rest of their lives. Run. Run away, far away to the golden beaches of San Diego or the busy streets of Chicago. Anywhere was better than this small-minded town and the darkness that lurked beneath it.

Go out with a bang Steve had said, scare this town more than any monster could. Pull back the curtain and then leave the theatre to burn to the ground.

So they waited, put away whatever emergency funds Steve was left with and secretly sold whatever crap they wouldn't need. Planned to take his BMW to a dealership and take the cash in hand they would offer. It wasn't until Billy suggested just what their exit could be that it all fit into place. Prom.

No doubt the school expected them to show, see just who would be crowned the official King of Hawkins High, except no one in their right mind would have thought they'd show up in matching suits together. Billy's maroon and Steve's a baby blue.

The votes were counted and they danced, kept enough distance to seem friendly. As if the Halloween before was nothing but two teenage boys trying to one-up the other, nothing more or less.

It wasn't until the names were read and it was Billy who was called up onto the stage, Tina alongside him beaming with excitement for the first dance. Except, unfortunately, she didn't get it.

Crown on head, Billy jumped down off the stage and let the crowd separate until he reached Steve, took him by the waist and placed the plastic crown on his over poofed hair.

Gasps and whispers surrounding them until finally, he went for it. Steve cupped Billy's face and kissed him, hard and messy.

That was when the random shouts began, slurs and aggression beginning to escalate.

“We better get going,” Billy smiled and Steve grabbed his hand to start running.

Not stopping as the few who were angry enough pushed through the crowd and followed them out of the gym exit. The Camaro waiting for them in the parking lot, fingers intertwined as they kept running until they reached it.

Inside before the small mob could catch them. A soft kiss shared before the engine revved as they tore off into the night, stereo blasting to let all of Hawkins know they were gone for good. Hearts pumping as the adrenaline rushed through them, they passed the Hawkins farewell sign.

Sure, they would miss it but what waited for them in the more excepting streets of California or the quiet roads of Minnesota would help them dull the homesickness.

Maybe they would come back one day when the world had changed or those who cared enough didn't anymore. That was up to fate now, the same fate that brought them together on that late evening heading for Indianapolis because why not? Perhaps a brochure would catch their eye, send them East instead of West. But again that was up to fate and not much was known of the boys who ran away on their prom night.

The Kings of Hawkins High some called them, wherever they did end up some hoped they made it safely. Others not so much. Still a bang they had made and a sizzle followed as the wheels of the Camaro carried them to wherever they did indeed end up.